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THE

WALKING STATUE;

OR, THE

Devil in the Wine Cellar.

BY AARON HILL, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Timothy Touch, an old Knight.
Leonora, his Daughter.
Sprightly, a young Gentleman in love with Leonora.
Toby, Sprightly's Man.
Corporal Cuttum, the Statue.
Servants and Bearers.

SCENE, London.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SCENE, *the Street before* Sir Timothy's *House.*

Enter Toby, *disguis'd like an Exchange Girl with a Band-box.*

Toby. WELL,——of all the croſs-grain'd old fellows breathing, my maſter's miſtreſs's father is one of the moſt hard to be dealt withal; and therefore 'tis for a man of my parts to ſucceed in an affair that has baffled the wit of all my fellow-ſervants. I perſuaded him, before he try'd his own ſkill, to make proof of mine, and I'll warrant I'll get the letter to the lady's hands, if once I come near enough to touch 'em. I have a ſtrange inclination to woman-hunting ever ſince I clamber'd over the houſe-top, and got to bed to Moll at the next door through the garret-window. Stay, this is the houſe; let me ſee, I think I am woman enough in the lower parts, and I am ſure my upper won't fail me. I have braſs enough in my face, and depth enough in my conſcience to be really what I look to be—an Exchange girl. Iſakins, I'll knock, come on't what will; I am ſure I am ſafe enough in this dreſs; for though 'tis no new thing to find a knave in petticoats, 'tis an immodeſt and an unlawful thing to look for him there.

[*He knocks, and* Sir Tim. *looks out at a window.*

Sir Tim. Who's at the door?

Toby. 'Tis I.

Sir Tim. 'Tis I! Who's I? What's your buſineſs?

Toby. I wou'd ſpeak with Madam Leonora, Sir Timothy Tough's daughter.

Sir Tim. In what language wou'd you ſpeak with her?

Toby. In what language? Why in good old Engliſh.

Sir Tim. Good old Engliſh! I'd have you to know you muſt ſpeak good plain Engliſh, if you talk with my daughter.

Toby. Is your worſhip Sir Timothy Tough his own ſelf then?

Sir Tim. I am the man.

Toby. I beg your worſhip's pardon, I come from Mrs. Stitch in the New-Exchange, ſo pleaſe you Sir, and have brought home a new head for the young lady.

Sir Tim. Wait, maiden, you ſhall have admittance. [*He goes from the window.*

Toby. Rare fortune, iſaith! Well! I muſt needs ſay in my own commendation, 'tis not every body's talent to manage a thing diſcreetly. What will this maſter of mine owe me for ſo great a ſervice as I ſhall certainly do him? When a man has got

luck among women, they say he was born under Caper-corn, I think they call it; and I shall go near to prove that Caper-corn is my master's best planet. Adsme! I hear 'em opening the door; now for it

[*The door opens, and enter* Sir Timothy *with a great blunderbuss, and two servants with guns and buff belts.*

Toby. Bless my heart! what figures are here?

Sir Tim. Housewife! I suspect you for a wicked hypocritical designing person, that has a felonious intention to corrupt the obedience of my daughter; and, lest you shou'd have more rogues in ambush, I issue arm'd, to defend the honour of my family. What are you? I say, what are you?

Toby. Oh, dear Sir! what do you mean? I never did you any harm in my life, Sir!—Oh! oh! loving Sir; have mercy upon me, dear Sir, for the sake of my spotless virginity.

[*Runs behind* Sir Timothy, *who presents his blunderbuss against one of his own servants.*

Sir Tim. What are you? Speak, or you die.

First Ser. 'Slife, Sir, don't shoot me. I am Robin.

Sir Tim. Adso, a bad mistake! I am dim-sighted, truly; but where is the whore, the bawd? I know what sort of a shop she keeps, by her hanging out the sign of a band-box. What do you do behind, housewife? your business is with the foreparts. Harry, Robin, present with me thus; and when I speak the word, give fire.

[*They all present their pieces at* Toby.

Toby. Oh, dear gentlemen! spare me! spare me, good gentlemen! don't shoot me, and I'll tell you all.

[*He kneels.*

Sir Tim. In the first place, as you hope to preserve that abominable life of yours, answer me the truth, and nothing but the truth. Whence come you?

Toby. From the Exchange, an't please you.

Sir Tim. What business had you?

Toby. The Exchange, Sir.

Sir Tim. And what are you? Jilt, speak presently, what are you?

Toby. The New-Exchange in the Strand, Sir.

Sir Tim. What? are you the New-Exchange? Slise! speak sense or you die. I don't think the tone of your voice treble enough for a whore, and therefore you must be a rogue, sirrah.

Toby. The New-Exchange, indeed, Sir.

Sir Tim. Sirrah, tell me truly, what sex are you of, sirrah?

Toby. The Exchange, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Tim. Is the Exchange your sex, rogue? Are you a man or a whore, sirrah?

Toby. About the middle of the Inner-walk, Sir.

Sir Tim. Adslife, Robin, make ready.

Toby. Oh! oh! spare my life, and take my band-box, Sir.

Sir Tim. Give it me, you whore.

Toby. I am no whore, upon my honour, Sir, I am but 'Squire Sprightly's rogue Toby, make the worst of me. Wou'd I were buried six foot deep in my master's dung-hill! [*Aside.*

[Sir Timothy *opens the band-box and finds a letter.*

Sir Tim. Let's see, what's here? a letter! oh, rogue! here, Harry, Robin, rifle the ribbands, and see if there's never another snake in the fool's grass. What's here? [*Puts on a pair of spectacles*] 'To the lovely hands of the engaging Leonora'——Fool! ass! adzooks this fellow makes love like an Oxford scholar. I'll open the seal.

[*He breaks open the letter, and while the two fellows are fumbling in the band-box,* Toby *flush back.*

Toby. Timor adds—wing as— [*He runs off.*

Sir Tim. [*Reading.*]—'After many vain endeavours to get a letter to your hands, the trusty Toby undertook'——Oh rogue! did you so—I'll—Ha! where is he?

1st Serv. An't please your worship, I believe he got off whilst we were rumaging the band-box.

Sir Tim. I'll rumage you, you careless rascals; I'll teach you to plunder before you have secur'd the enemy, you dogs you.

[*He beats 'em with the blunderbuss off the stage.*

SCENE *changes to* Sprightly's *house.*

Sprightly *and* Toby.

Spright. Nay, 'faith, Toby, I pity thee with all my heart; but thou may'st make a moral use of this unlucky accident, and learn to believe thyself no wiser than other people. Go, lay aside the woman, and take up the statue; all things are now ready for the last trial, and it shall be put in execution this very evening.

Toby. Truly, Sir, if your worship pleases, I had rather be the carver's man, than the statue; for if the old knight shou'd find out the trick, my disguise wou'd be so heavy that I cou'd not run away, and he might chance to shoot me thro' the head with his blunderbuss.

Spright. Pish! fool! you know he's so purblind he can scarce see.

Toby. Ay, but if he can't see, he can feel tho'; and, Sir, if he should happen to tickle my sides, I shou'd burst out a laughing, and discover all.

Spright. It's impossible he shou'd suspect thee. I saw the statue at the stone-cutter's who told me, the old gentleman expects it to be brought home every day. My painted canvas is exactly copied from the original, and the pedestal 'tis to be plac'd on in the hall is so high, that he won't be able to reach your sides; or if he did, the daub is so hard and so thick, 'twou'd deceive a nicer touch than his, I'll warrant thee. But are the fellows at hand, who are to be concern'd in the management?

Toby. They are all drinking at the next alehouse, and the gentleman who is to act the statue instead of me, Sir, is a man every inch of him. He married a woman who had beat six husbands to death with the but-ends of their own muskets; and in three night's time made the wild beast so very tame, Sir, that she fawns upon him like a spaniel bitch when she's afraid of a kicking.

Spright. Thou hast chose an odd sort of a simile, Toby; but hark! somebody knocks! Go, see who it is.

Toby *goes out, and re-enters with* Cuttum.

Toby. An't please your worship, this is the gentleman we were discoursing about.

Sprigh. May I know your name, Sir?

Cuttum. I am vulgarly known by the name of Corporal Cuttum; I have been a soldier from my cradle, and a cuckold from my marriage-bed, Sir: I have run thro' all the mazes of fortune, but cou'd ne'er lay hold of the gypsy; I believe I'm too honest to be prosperous in this age; and if I live much longer, I shall be too old to be knavish. I wou'd gladly make some use of my time, Sir; for I have lately learn'd to remember, that I come of a race so much the reverse of my way of living hitherto, that egad——if I continue honest much longer, I shall be the only fool of my family!

Spright. Pray Mr. Cuttum, what country are you of?

Cuttum. Why, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, there is no country will own us, and we own no country; we shou'd be French by our air, and Spaniards by our steps, Sir; but a parcel of scoundrel rogues about town will needs have the Cuttums to be an Irish family, for no other reason egad, than the reach of their assurance!

Sprightl. Have you no friends in town to apply to?

Cuttum. Yes, Sir, there's a relation of mine generally known about town; he's a kind of a wit, and has writ plays; but he has an odd humour, that makes him incapable of serving a kinsman.

Sprightl. What humour is that, pray?

Cuttum. Why, Sir, he has been so fond of fathering stranger's children, that he scarce knows how to look upon the son of a poor relation.

Sprightl. Well, Mr. Cuttum, you are a merry fellow: you know the task, and the reward design'd you, I suppose?

Cuttum. My worthy friend Mr. Toby—here, has inform'd me at large; and I am ready to prove with how much zeal I wou'd undertake an action of greater difficulty upon a less temptation.

Sprightl. I assure you, you have heard the utmost of your danger; come the worst to the worst 'tis but a beating, and that I presume you could bear with resolution.

Cuttum. Am I a Cuttum, and do you ask that question? Slife, Sir!——bear a beating?——Why, there's not a branch of our family, but has patience enough that way for any informing constable, bailiff's follower, female tatler, or marshal of France, egad.

Sprightl. That's well; I think all things are now in a readiness; we'll go in, and about it presently. But hearke, Toby, is your disguise come home yet?

Toby. Four hours ago, Sir.—But now you talk of a disguise, am I to be a Jew or a Gentile?

Sprightl. Oh! a Jew by all means. Come along Mr. Corporal; while you are getting ready, I'll instruct you what to say to the Lady, for the ill success of my last letter forbids me all thoughts of sending another.

Toby. Well! o'my conscience, my master is the first that ever went about to send a message by a stone porter!—— [*They go in.*

SCENE, Sir Timothy's *house.*

Sir Timothy *and* Leonora.

Sir Tim. 'Sbud! don't tell me of my promise; ask any statesman in Christendom, if promises are bains on a wise man's will. 'Tis true I told the oung fool Sprightly he shou'd have you, but that as when no-body of a better estate was of his kind, girl,

Leon. The ties of duty, Sir, first led me to encourage Mr. Sprightly's addresses, in obedience to yer commands; and now the ties of honour forbiame to wrong a man who so sincerely loves me.

ir Tim. I gave him my word, that if he cou'd outit me, he shou'd keep what he got, with my goo will, and a good fortune; but alas! poor youn fool, his bird-lime is no better than chaff. and n old fowl is too wise to be taken by it. I haveefeated five or six of his projects already; and ihe comes within the reach of my blunderbuss, ave at him, by Sir Jeremy!

Le. Oh, Sir! you are the most barbarous of fathe! and have contriv'd this surest way to make e miserable!

Sir Tim. Goodnow! Goodnow! pretty turtle-dove! how naturally it mourns the loss of its mate! Come, come, 'its just your sex shou'd share a little of the sorrow you bestow, housewife! A woman's tears are like showers in April, a necessary ingredient to make up her natural composition of change and inconstancy.

Enter a servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a man without has brought home a great stone thing, that looks like the Great Turk, Sir.

Sir Tim. How! the statue! bring him in, bring him in, sirrah! [*Exit servant.*

Leon. Sir, you are likely to talk of what I don't understand, and if you please I'll retire to my chamber.

Sir Tim. No, no, pray stay, daughter; I'll warrant you, if Sprightly was coming instead of the statue, you'd not be in such haste to be gone; but you women never care much for a man of marble!

Leon. I am all obedience, Sir.

[*She turns her back upon the door, and leans pensively against the hangings.*

Re-enter the servant with Toby *disguis'd like a* Jew *with great whiskers, and a short cloak, followed by four men bearing in a frame, upon which stands Corporal* Cuttum *in the posture of a statue.*

Toby. Save you, Sir!—Have a care, have a care; gently, gently, I say—Sir, Mr. Chissel has sent home your statue, Sir, and where wou'd you please it shou'd be set? Have a care, I say; gently, gently.

Sir Tim. Stay! let me put on my spectacles, and I'll tell you presently—Humph! who are you, Sir?

Toby. I am by profession a statuary, by country a Portuguese, but brought up in England; by quality a foreman, alias a journeyman, and by religion a Jew, Sir.

Sir Tim. A Jew? Adzucks! what have you to do in a christian country, sirrah?

Toby. Ha, ha, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir! But where must the statue be plac'd, an't please you?

Sir Tim. Plac'd [*Aside.*] Egad, I don't like this fellow, he says he's a Jew, but he looks like a Philistine!

Toby. Set him down there, gently, gently; be careful how you place him, pray gentlemen——So, now he stands right;—go, stay without till I come to you. [*The four bearers go out.*

Sir Tim. Let me see how this statue looks.—— Ads my life! a pretty piece of workmanship truly! But pray, friend, why did not Mr. Chissel come himself? Am I so bad a customer, that he must send servants to do my business? nay and heathen servants too?

Toby. Your worship, I perceive, is a facetious old gentleman. But my master, an't please you, is sick at present.

Sir Tim. Old gentleman! sirrah! Is that your Hebrew breeding! Get out of my house, you rogue! that Levitical face of thine stirs up my indignation!

Toby. I beg your pardon heartily, If I have said any thing that offends you, Sir; but pray don't be in a passion for nothing. Is not the work done as you expected it?

[*All the while Sir* Timothy *is talking with* Toby. Cuttum *makes whimsical motions from the table to* Leonora, *who leans pensively, and don't observe him.*

Sir Tim. Expected it, sirrah! I did not expect to have the figure to be sent home by a rogue of a Jew, sirrah! Let me look all round the piece;

egad, 'tis ten to one but the superstitious dog has circumcis'd my statue!

Toby. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Tim.* Villain, rascal! what, am I to be laugh'd at to my face?

Toby. Ha, ha, ha, you must excuse me, Sir, ha, ha, ha, I vow you are the pleasantest gentleman of your age that ever I met with.

Sir *Tim.* Again at my age, sirrah? here, Robin, Jonathan, quickly, bring me my blunderbuss. Sirrah, get out of my house, or I'll break off a limb of the statue, and knock out your brains with it.

[*Her uns to pull off one of the statue's legs, and* Cut. *kicks him down backward with the other.*

Toby. 'Slife! all's out! I'll make off while I can.

[*He runs out.*

Sir *Tim.* Rogues! murder! help! dogs! murder! murder!

Leon. Heav'ns, Sir! what's the matter?

Sir *Tim.* Matter! you baggage? Don't you see what's the matter? That long-bearded rogue of a Jew has affronted me to my face, and beat out my teeth behind my back. Rogues! Robin, Harry, Jonathan! what, must I be murder'd, and no body come in to my assistance?

[*He runs out calling the servants.*

Cuttum.—I am glad he's gone, for my heart ach'd plaguily when he came to pull my leg off. 'Tis a lucky mistake that he thinks Toby struck him; but I'll take this opportunity to speak to the lady. Madam——Madam——

[*He leaps down, and stalks towards* Leonora, *who turns, and shrieks at his approaching her.*

Leon. Oh, heavens, what's here! Ghosts! Spirits! Devils! Ah! help! help! help!

Cuttum. Nay, now we are all undone, and egad! if you die a maid, 'tis no more than you deserve for your damn'd unseasonable squeaking!

[*He runs to the table, and with much ado gets up, and stands in his old posture; but for haste mistakes, and puts the wrong leg forward.*

Leon. Ah me! I see too late this is a trick of Sprightly's.

Enter Sir Timothy, *and his servants.*

Oh! Sir! I was half frighted, but beg your pardon for alarming you; being in a melancholy humour, I had forgot the statue stood upon the table, and looking that way on the sudden took it for a naked man.

Sir *Tim.* Oh! did you so, good daughter! I see very well what you would be at; this excess of your folly betrays the lewdness of your thoughts. Let's see! that rascal Jew beat off my spectacles—Oh! here they lie—Well! I vow this is a very curious piece of sculpture! no real flesh and blood cou'd appear more lively. If that knave Chissel had not sent it by a Jew, I cou'd have been extremely pleas'd with it. —— [*He views* Cuttum ——*all round, who expresses a great deal of fear.* But stay! I forgot to look whether I have not hurt the leg tho'——Auso! what's here; I am sure this limb does not stand as it did just now, daughter! daughter!

Leon. Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Look here, is this the right posture or no?

[*While Sir* Tim. *turns to speak to his daughter,* Cuttum *puts his leg as it was before.*

Leon. Right Sir? Yes, pray what ails it?

Sir *Tim.* Ails it? 'Slife I am bewitch'd—I am sure the devil's in me, or my spectacles; why 'twas but this moment the leg stood here, and now——

Cuttum. Death, Sir! stand out of my way, or you're as dead as a door-nail. [*Aside.*] 'Slife I'll be gone while I may; if I stay a quarter of an hour, I shall be pounded in a mortar.

[*He leaps down furiously, and runs out.*

Sir *Tim.* Hey day! is my house become an enchanted castle? What a plague! I shall be hooted at as I walk along the streets, if this jest passes on me! Here! follow me, ye rascals, I'll statue the dog I'll warrant him.

[*He runs out with his servants after* Cuttum.

Leon. What a wretched condition has my folly brought me to? If I slip this opportunity of escaping while the house is in so great confusion, I shall be miserable for ever. I'll get out the back-way, and trust fortune for the event of my undertaking!

[*She goes out.*

SCENE *changes to a court yard, with a well in it.*

Enter Toby *frighted.*

Toby. Here have I crawl'd about this quarter of an hour, and can find no means to reach the door, without being discover'd by some of the old fellow's maidenhead-watchers! and if I stay here much longer, the danger will be equal. A pox take petticoats for Toby, if this is the effect of following them! What shall I do?—let me think a little!——Adsbobs I have it; I have an old black mask in my pocket with horns upon it; I'll tie it on, and creep down into yonder well, it looks like a dry one; or if I am drown'd, 'tis a better death than being drubb'd to destruction——I'll lie quietly all night, and in the morning bolt tho' the door in my vizor and black waistcoat; it may so happen, that the rogues will take me for a devil that they say walks in this neighbourhood, and give me free passage—But first, down cloak, that if the well be deeper than ordinary, I may be sure to fall softly; I'll tie on the mask when I am safe at the bottom. So, now for it! neck or nothing, as the proverb says.

[*He throws down his cloak, and gets into the well.*

Re-enter Sir Timothy, *and the servants with guns, staves,* &c.

Sir *Tim.* Who wou'd have thought that the four rogues who brought in that dog of a statue, thou'd have waited so cunningly to carry him off again upon occasion? Adzooks but we maul'd them in their retreat! go, ye rogues, get ye into the cellar, and drink yourselves drunk as a reward for your valour.

[*The servants go out bowing.*

Well! after all! this Sprightly is a brave bold fellow, and deserves the baggage heartily; for I never cou'd imagine till now, that any woman in the world was worth a man's venturing a knock on the pate for! My daughter is afraid of a reproof, and is crept silently into her closet. I'll not disturb her till morning, but go write an account of this night's works to her good old grandmother in the country.

[*He goes out.*

SCENE *changes to a cellar, with a wicket in the front scene, and discovereth the servants sitting round a black jack, drinking and merry.*

1st Serv. Here, honest Thomas, here's to thee.

2d Serv. Prithee, what subject shall we be on to-night? politics are grown musty, learning is below men of a genteel education, and scandal you know is taking upon us the conversation of our betters.

3d Serv. Why faith since we have leave to be merry, honest Thomas had best give us a song.

2d Serv. A match boys——I'll sing you a song of my own making.

1st. Serv. Of thy making? What! a footman turn poet?

2*d Serv.* A footman turn poet? ay Sir; why not? Since the poets have met with footmen's encouragement, footmen have taken up the poet's profeſſion.

3*d Serv.* But how can a fellow without learning, brother Thomas, be maſter of that feeling, touching way that the poets talk of?

2*d Serv.* Pugh! fool! the art of poetry is the gift of nature, and 'twou'd be no new thing to tell the world, that there's many a footman can touch, and move, and feel, and ſtir up the paſſions with the beſt poet in Chriſtendom. But liſten to the ſong, boys. [*Here a Song.*

All Serv. Rarely ſung i'faith, Thomas.

3*d Serv.* Adzookers, he has pleas'd me ſo well, that I'll e'en make bold with a bottle of the fine wine my maſter has ſet a cooling in the old well there, and treat ye like gentlemen.

All. Why, that's kindly done now.

Third Servant riſes, and opening the wicket, takes out a bottle, and holds it between him and the light.

3*d Serv.* Let's ſee, I think I have got the right ſort, no, 'tis not;—this is the rot-gut rheniſh.—

[*While the fellow turns to look at the bottle,* Toby, *having put on the black horn'd maſk, thruſts his head out of the wicket, and the ſervant, going to change the bottle, ſtrikes it againſt his forehead.*

3*d Serv.* Ah! the devil, the devil!

[*Throws down the bottle, and runs backward.*

1*ſt Serv.* 'Slife, there's the devil in good earneſt!

Toby. Rogues, thieves, I'll be among you ſuddenly. [*He tumbles forward into the cellar.*

2*d Serv.* Oons! Roger, fly, the devil's amongſt us!

All. Help! help! the devil! the devil! the devil!

[*They beat one another down, and hurry out headlong, and* Toby *after them.*

The SCENE *changes to the hall.*

Enter Sir Timothy *with his blunderbuſs.*

Sir *Tim.* Here! Harry! Thomas! Jonathan! rogues! raſcals! where are you? What's the matter below? Hey day! what's here to do?

[*Enter ſervants running.*

1*ſt Serv.* Help! help! the devil!

3*d Serv.* The pope! the pope! the devil!

2*d Serv.* Oh! Sir! the devil has taken poſſeſſion of your worſhip's cellar.

Sir *Tim.* The devil! you rogues! and are ye ſuch pitiful, cowardly, unchriſtian ſoul'd fellows, as to be afraid of the devil. Adſbobs! wou'd he had been impudent enough to have come into my preſence? I'd have devil'd him with a——'Slife, rogues, ſtand out of my way——Help! help! help!

[*In the midſt of Sir* Timothy's *ſpeech,* Toby *appears at the hall door, and the knights beats down his ſervants, and runs out firſt; the men follow, crying out as before.*

Toby. Well! I have better luck now I am a devil, than I had when I was a woman; and ſome arch wags wou'd from thence take occaſion to ſwear that the devil is the leaſt of the two evils. But I have no time to be witty at preſent. I ſee the ſtreet door open, and will lay hold on the opportunity. [*He goes out.*

Re-enter Sir Timothy, *and the ſervants peeping.*

Sir *Tim.* Is he gone?

2*d Serv.* I think the coaſt is clear at preſent.

[*They come forwards.*

Sir *Tim.* I'll ordain a yearly thankſgiving to be kept on this day throughout my family, for the wonderful deliverance. [*Loud knocking at the door.* Stand cloſe here! for heav'n's ſake ſtand cloſe, for I am afraid he's a coming again!

[*They huddle cloſe together, and ſtand gazing as in expectation; and enter* Sprightly *with* Leonora *in a maſk, attended by Corporal* Cuttum, *and* Toby *in his vizor.*

Sir *Tim.* Deliver me ye pow'rs, for yonder's the devil return'd with his whole family.

Spright. Ha! ha! ha! poor Sir Timothy, 'tis a devil of my breeding. [*Pulls off* Toby's *maſk.*

Toby. 'Tis I my own ſelf, in very deed, Sir,

Sir *Tim.* Why then in very deed, Sir, I wiſh the real devil wou'd run away with the pretended one.

Toby. Adſme! Sir! if you wiſh your wiſhes upon me, I'll ſnatch off my friend the ſtatue's leg here, and knock your brains out.

Sir Tim. to Cuttum.] Why, were you the dog was turn'd into ſtone, Sir?

Cuttum. The very ſame at your ſervice, Sir.

Spright. O! Sir! Love has been author of ſtranger metamorphoſes, than any in Ovid.

Sir Tim. And pray, Mr. Sprightly, what pretty part are you to act in your turn here?

Spright. A double one, Sir, in conjunction with this lady.

Takes off Leonora's *maſk, and kneels with her to Sir* Timothy.

Leon. Our firſt requeſt, Sir, is for your pardon; and our next, that you will pleaſe to ratify our articles of agreement, according to the promiſe you were pleas'd to make us.

Sir *Tim.* Confuſion! furies! devils! witchcraft! rogues! tricks! damnation! conjuration! and diſtraction!

[*He raves, and ſtamps, and runs off the ſtage.*

Spright. Come, lovely Leonora, let us follow him, and mollify his paſſion by ſubmiſſion and entreaty; and may our example teach the world this certain maxim:

Love, like the palm-tree, by oppreſſion grows,
Check'd, like ſtopp'd rivers, more impetuous flows,
And, like Antæus, gathers ſtrength from blows.

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